LEWISBURG CHRONICLE,

AND THE WEST BRANCH FARMER.

An independent Family Paper---devoted to News, Literature, Politics, Agriculture, Science and Morality.

BY O. N. WORDEN. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21, 1849. VOL. VI., NO. 34---294.

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THE CHRONICLE.

SATURDAY, NOV. 17.

☞ Our readers will with us be glad to hear again from the long-silent pen, whose last offering we present below—tinged though it be with the melancholy of this saddest season of the year.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

To my Brother, on leaving Home.*

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

As when some harp, whose quiv'ring chords
Have rung to nought but glee,
Thrills on the listening ear in strains
Of mournful harmony,
And wakes within the throbbing breast
The griefs which there unburied rest—

So, e'en amid our festive hours,
Like some soft, sadd'ning knell,
Though breathed in tones we fondly prize,
Comes the low, faint *farewell*.
Whisp'ring of forms no more we view—
Of many a long and last adieu.

And we have breathed that touching word;
Like Noah's beauteous dove,
To leave the world's unkindly storms
You leave an ark of love,
And weary years must darkly roll
Ere thou may'st reach thy destined goal;

Ere waiting crowds may 'round thee press,
Ere quenched ambition's fire,
Ere thou shalt reach the dizzy height
To which thy hopes aspire,
And place a proud and honored name
High on the deathless scroll of fame.

That brow may wear an envied braid,
But lurking shades of care
Must dim the pure and joyous light
Which loves to linger there,
While with'ring griefs that sadly press
Will tell earth's treasures may not bless.

Yet go—and Ah! 'mid heartless scenes
Recall those hours of glee,
When 'round the dear domestic hearth
Each sport was shared by thee,
And turn, when all unkindly prove,
To friends who claimed thy earliest love.

And when before our fathers' God
The suppliant knee we bend,
That He may bless thy pathway here
Shall heart-felt prayers ascend.
And that, whate'er thy lot be given,
FAITH to repose a trust in Heaven.

*A favorite and gifted brother who died young

Constructive Mileage.

It appears that Mr. Comptroller Whittlesey has just put his *veto* upon the account rendered by Mr. Dickens, the Secretary of the Senate, of about $40,000, which he paid to the members of the Senate, as *constructive mileage*: that is, he paid all of them, but three who had scruples in the matter, the mileage for going home on the 4th of March last, and returning the same day. It is stated that Mr. Whittlesey submitted the matter to the President, who promptly requested him to do what he believed to be *right*, and let the consequences take care of themselves! Mr. Dickens will, therefore have to ask Congress to make up the expended sum. The paid Senators will hardly refund any part of the $40,000 they have received, according to precedence, though not according to law and justice. We hope Mr. Whittlesey will be sustained.

A Scold.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Berks county, last week, Catharine Eisenbise was convicted of being a common scold. This offence was formerly punished with *ducking*, and as late as 1824 the Court of Quarter Sessions of this city, sentenced a certain Nancy James "to be placed in a certain engine of correction, called a ducking stool, on Wednesday, the third day of November, then next ensuing between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock in the morning, and so being placed therein, to be plunged three times into the water; to pay the costs of prosecution, and to stand committed until the sentence is complied with." The Supreme Court decided, however, that this punishment, so far from being calculated to reform the offender, would only make her scold to the end of her life—and the only punishment was fine, or fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court.

☞ The gentleman who does up Editorials for the Luzerne Democrat, occasionally lays open the weak points of human character with a caustic but good humored pen—as witness the following, which has a hit or two for us all around: (except the Printers, who as they have nought to be proud of are of course exempt from that failing!)

PRIDE.

There is a vast deal of many kinds of pride in this world, which seems to grow spontaneously, and to gain upon the worthy efforts of the humbly inclined to put it down. It has been preached against, time out of mind, but the preaching has been attended with indifferent success. It seems as though some people couldn't help being proud—they take to it as naturally as some folks take to drink. Some imbibe the subtle passion from their loving mothers; in their earliest days, their very sustenance is spiced with it, and their veins swell big with the poison, which increases with their growth. As a general thing, we hate a proud man, and we don't think him entitled to any gentler regard from the world at large, for, to our notion, no man has a right to be proud of anything in this world, unless it be, *ex gratia*, a handsome daughter. But we see men, every day, proud of trifles; and we see many sorts of pride.

"A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse—
A spiritual pride—in short there be on earth
A host of prides, some better, and some worse."

There are, even in this great democratic country, a pride of rank, and a pride of birth. Anti-republican as it may seem in a land where all men are acknowledged to be free and equal, and the women, too, there are those and plenty of them, who *would be* looked upon as the

"Exclusive lords
Of this world's aristocracy,"

men who perhaps were taught so to feel in their early youth, whose aristocratic mothers perhaps gave them lessons in lordly *swaggering* with their earliest trowsers.

Some happen to be descended from honorable men of olden times, and of this they are proud to a degree. It is true, that

"Large streams from little fountains flow,"

and, that

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow;"

but the converse is no less true, that

In vast hills some "small potatoes" grow;

and the inteference is, that a man who is so *small* that he has nothing else to be proud of but his ancestry, is but a poor *shoot*, of whom the old stock would never have been proud. Some are descended from the "revolutionary heroes." If their grandfathers were generals or colonels, they themselves are looked to with respect, and their ancestors' names are sounded loud in every fourth of July oration, whilst the descendant of the humble private soldier hears no echo of his ancestor's fame, and gets no credit for being descended from honorable men.

There are men in our own community whose ancestors were fortunate enough to possess many broad acres of the virgin soil of this valley. Wyoming Valley—*par excellence* "*The* Valley"—is classic ground: in fact, it is the only truly classic dirt yet discovered this side of Italy, though perhaps the former proprietors had not found it out; neither indeed did the old Romans consider themselves and Rome classic in the palmy days when they dined on peacocks' brains, which seem so classic a dish to us. Well, some of the descendants of the old proprietors of Wyoming consider themselves classic, too. They look upon themselves as hereditary sons of the sod, inheriting their honorable fathers' virtues as well as their acres, and therefore, with the consequential air of a family grocer when butter is dear and "eggs is eggs," they move about the world for the vulgar to gaze at; *honorable*, because their lands would sell high; and *patricians* by birth—not born in Rome, but in the next best and only other classic place under heaven. And these are proud. Having sprung from *such* pure "Attic soil," they look upon the rest of mankind as *poor clods*, fit for nothing better than plain unglazed earthenware.

There are many who are proud of their learning. We see it in the old and the young, among both men and women; and a most ridiculous pride it is. We see it in the old learned lawyer, whose wise head is fortified by spectacles, and the gray-haired experience of many years, and who quibbles and quirks with the honorable Court and his brethren at the bar, with a loud voice and peremptory tone, which frighten the timid, and perhaps cause the sacrifice of justice to impudence; and all to gain the admiration of the crowd. We see it in the young quibbler, who talks by the hour about nothing at all, or something he does not understand, quoting "wise saws and modern instances," full of fine words without a meaning, which make up what the world calls a fine speech. We see it in the young collegiate, who, fresh from the schools, with all his gilded honors dangling from his pockets, smiles profusely on the women, and quotes bad Greek to unlearned men. We see it in the physician, whose learning and experience have made him respected at home and abroad. We perhaps feel that without his assistance, in sickness our lives would be in jeopardy; but "to make assurance doubly sure," with the fire of learning in his eye, he will ring it in your unnerved ears, "there is no other way under heaven whereby ye can be saved but thro' *me*," and many a poor fellow believes it.

And we see this pride even among those whose holy calling is ordained of God. Some, not content with the humble yet exalted duty of leading souls to the proper fold, bring themselves before the public even in newspapers to maintain controversies with each other about what is of no consequence to the world, nor to the great Cause in which they were sent to work. Much time is spent, and much sectarian bitterness is shown with pious learning, but neither party ever yet acknowledged himself vanquished.

The purse-proud man is still another character. You may see him standing on the Court House steps, or in the door of his store or office, looking around to see if there is another in that region worth as much as himself. He wears a "fair round belly," decorated with two or three huge watch seals, and he is always well shaved and smooth, and oily looking, with a proud consequence in his eye, and a smirk of satisfaction on his face when he shakes hands with a man who has no purse. He is so accustomed to humble deference from the poorer class that he can not live without it—it's a part of his sustenance. And he gets enough of it, too. If he gives a few dollars towards a public enterprise, people wonder at his liberality, whilst the poorer man who gives less in dollars, but more in proportion to his ability, bears nothing about his contribution. The man worth fifty thousand dollars, who gives five hundred towards building a church, is smiled upon, and posted in the newspapers under the head of "liberal donation," or "noble generosity," with the amount given carried out in full at the end of his name; whilst one worth five hundred dollars, who gives five dollars, it being in the same proportion to what the rich man gave, is not thanked perhaps for his mite, and the charitable world exclaim, "Poor devil!—why didn't he give more?" and thus they feed the already puffed up pride of the rich.

"But of all pride since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swell 's a self-elected saint."

This spiritual pride is the offspring of that hypocritical profession of piety, by which some men make their religion a lie. There are those, some even high in the church, and who are looked up to as the patterns of piety, and who sit within the inner pale of the temple, who pride themselves on their godliness, and seem to thank God that "they are not as other men are," nor as the poor publicans and sinners who look up to them and wonder how they came there. They would make the way of holiness a turnpike road, and the church a toll-house, whereby all may go to heaven who pay, though none can be considered pillars—directors in the concern—but themselves, the saints elect.

There are many of these spiritually minded people in the world, men and women, who are proud of their virtue, piety, humility and all that, and who would take offence if their strict piety were ever questioned. We have heard a blue stocking who professed the most unbounded zeal as a member of Christ's church, run on by the hour calling herself a poor, simple, unhandsome, uninteresting, wicked girl, whom nobody cared for, yet who would have blown any one out of water, who would have taken her at her word, and spoken of her to any one else in another light than as the most intelligent, good looking, interesting and pious young lady then known. We all remember the remark of the Quaker to another, "You see I am not proud. I wear leather buttons," and the other's reply, "Some folks are proud of their humility." How much of this we see! We know a plain sort of a man, worth some money, who carries a gold watch worth a hundred and fifty dollars, and who takes occasion to look at the time of day pretty often. When his neighbors stare at the richly chased gold, he puts it up with an humble air, and no one can say that he is proud, for the watch guard is a strip of eelskin. But the toughest pride to get along with is that of the proud saint, who calls his neighbor heretic for not thinking as he does, and who keeps wondering what the world is coming to, and when it will begin to turn 'round the other way, and when all men will turn from the evil of their ways and become as pious as *he*. He never thinks his fellow-man his brother, unless he belongs to the same church, and looks grave on Sundays. Instead of welcoming you to the house of prayer in the hope of reforming a sinner, he seems to feel annoyed by your presence, and wonders why you don't go to another church. We always shrink when we pass such a man in the street, and feel somewhat as the poet felt when he sung—

"Close, close your eyes with holy dread,
And weave a circle 'round him thrice,
For he on honey dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise."

And we stand aside and let him pass in his pious grimness, and then go on our way rejoicing, thankful that we were not kicked.

Interesting Incident.

The stage in which Mr. Clay was coming to the East, was upset at Uniontown, Pa. the passengers very narrowly escaping serious injury. Mr. Clay, while another coach was being got ready, was quietly smoking his cigar at the residence of Mr. Samuel Y. Campbell—not having relinquished it in the excitement and alarm which the accident had occasioned—and amusing the friends who had flocked around him with his charateristic freedom of conversation. In speaking of the rapid march of improvement in Uniontown and the country in the vicinity, he said it had undergone a truly marvelous change since he first passed through it; and then, as if old and pleasant recollections had been revived, related an amusing incident which had occurred respecting him in passing through Uniontown, soon after the passage by Congress of the famous compensation law. He had taken very little part in the passage of that law, but had somehow said "he found it difficult at the end of the session of Congress to make both ends meet." He was himself traveling with a very plain carriage and a very ordinary pair of horses, but in company with him were the families of others having more splendid equipages. In passing through Uniontown, he had gone in advance of the carriages for the purpose of buying some sweetmeats for the children and was in a shop making the purchase when the carriages passed it. There was in the store a boy, who, observing the carriage passing, and supposing them to belong to the man who made this remark, but of whose immediate presence he was ignorant, said "it is no wonder that fellow can't make both ends meet."

During the narration of this anecdote, (says the Uniontown Democrat,) Mr. Campbell stood a most attentive listener, immediately facing Mr. Clay, and the instant it was concluded stepped forward and bowing to Mr. Clay, said, "I, sir, am that boy." The effect was electrical. The whole company was convulsed with laughter. Many of them were familiar with the anecdote, for they had, long before, heard it from Mr. Campbell himself. Of course, the revival of the remembrance of this incident of early life, in Mr. Campbell's own parlor, after an interval of more than thirty years, was as pleasant as it was amusing. The boy and the youthful statesman are both "silvered o'er with age;" and nowhere in the Union has the distinguished statesman a more ardent, devoted, and long tried friend and admirer than Samuel Y. Campbell.

"Trading on Borrowed Capital."

During the ten months just closed of the present year, the Commerce of our City compares with the same months of the preceding year as follows:

Imported more than last year	$8,080,000
Exported less than last year	$5,500,000
Total	$13,580,000

This, according to Free Trade logic, is a most delightful summing up. We have so much more value in the country, than we should have had if we had bought only as much as we sold. Unluckily for that logic, this value is *not* in the country—we have eaten and drank it up, worn it out, and otherwise consumed it, while our Labor which should have produced it has stood idle for want of employment. And, while the *value* has disappeared, the obligation to *pay* for it remains. We have sent abroad our coin to the amount of several Millions in payment of commercial balances, and, worse still, our Public Stocks or promises to pay Millions on Millions more with interest for the next fifteen or twenty years, have been sent out by the ream, the mere interest thereon forming of itself a balance agrinst us for years to come. Prudent, careful men of business! how long can this last?—*N. Y. Tribune*

FERGUS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

It was a stormy afternoon in January; but the interior of the rude workshop to which we must first introduce our readers, presented a very cheerful appearance. There was a vast fireplace in one side of it, in which was a blazing fire, made of chips, ends of boards and shavings, though the space between the jams was so wide that the snow flakes were descending on each side of the fire, down the straight, short chimney. A boy of twelve years of age, with a calm, intellectual looking face, was sitting on a block, in the corner, at work upon a little hand-sled. One window of the shop looked off upon wild forest scenery, and the other across a neat, sheltered little farm yard to a small house opposite. At this second window was a work bench, with a variety of tools upon and near it. A short thick man was seated at this bench, upon a three legged stool, intent upon some wheel work. The snow was beating against the window, and the wind moaned in the chimney.

"Father," said the boy, after both had been working some time in silence, "I don't believe you will get the clock done at six to-night,—but then it is so stormy, Mr. James will not come after it."

"It was to-morrow, child, that I was to have it done."

"Why, is not this Thursday?"

"No, it is Wednesday."

"Oh!—" said the boy, and went on with his work in silence.

"Then, father," said the boy again, after a little pause, "why are you hurrying so to get it done to-night? There 's all to-morrow."

"I don't know about to-morrow; I am afraid little Benny may be very sick to-morrow, and I shall want to stay with him I wish you would go in and see whether he is asleep."

"Well father,—if you will just let me bore this hole."

The father assented by silence, and the boy planted his centre bit, and slowly carried the bit stock round and round, until the curious instrument had cut its way through; he looked for a moment with evident satisfaction at the smooth, clean hole, and then, laying down his work, bounded out of the shop.

In a few minutes the shop door opened again, but instead of Fergus, there entered a woman of middle age,—his mother; and as she stood at the door, shaking and brushing off the snow, her husband looked up a moment from his work and said,

"Well wife, how is Benny?"

The spectator, in comparing the two faces now turned towards one another, would have been struck with a remarkable difference between them. The wife was slender,—her hair and eye dark,—and her countenance was strongly expressive of thought and feeling. The husband was short, thick set, with a round placid face, indicative of good humor and content; though there was a decided expression of anxiety upon it as he inquired after Benny. In fact there was a solicitude in both countenances, and yet there was a contrast. On the mother's face anxiety seemed to be at home. It harmonised with the whole cast and character of the features. On the father's it appeared to be a stranger. It had obtained temporary and unnatural possession. The look of contentment and happiness seemed rightly to belong there.

In a word, there was a difference in temperament. Christian principle taught them both the duty of resignation and content, but the mother found it very difficult to keep pace with the father in the practice of them.

But to return to the dialogue:—"How is Benny, wife?" said the workman, looking towards her as she stood at the door.

"O George, he is getting very sick;—he moans all the time, and keeps calling for drink."

As she said this she walked towards him, and stood by his side, leaning her elbow on the bench, and her cheek on her hand.

"Do you think Fergus could get across the pond, and back before dark?" she asked.

She was thinking of his going for the doctor, who lived on the other side of a pond which spread itself out in the valley before the house.

George, as she called him, turned round towards her on his stool, and then, for the first time the observer might see that he was a cripple. Both limbs had been amputated just below the knee, and patches of course leather had been fastened upon the extremities, which served him for shoes; he could thus stump about his shop and yard a little, but for all purposes of a lengthened walk he was helpless.

Ten years before, George had bought the lot of wild land on which he lived, for a farm; and after putting up a small log house, brought his wife there to aid him in forming, by years of labor, a home for their old age. They had spent the early years of their lives, in the usual course of ungodliness and selfishness; but they had been changed, and when they came into their comfortable log dwelling, the first evening of their married life, they both solemnly gave themselves up to God, and expressed a desire to do his will, and to be dealt with according to his good pleasure.

"Now Mary," said George that evening, "we must be honest in this,—we must not talk of our submission to God in sunshine, and then resist the struggle, when it comes to storm."

Mary saw that this was very good christian philosophy;—but the characteristics of the heart, based on innate qualities, and long established habits, are not to be broken up at once by the perception of a principle of sound philosophy. Mary made a resolution, moreover, that she would be resigned and submissive if a storm should come;—but then these inherent tendencies of the soul do not always give way to a good resolution. At any rate things looked very bright and pleasant then. They had "a beautiful lot of land,"—as George called his tract of sturdy forest. He had a very comfortable dwelling, all the furniture they needed, food enough in the loft and in the cellar for the present, and seed enough in the ground for the future—and a large pile of wood at the door, which furnished maple logs for the fire, and pitchpine strips for candles. Then her imagination in looking forward, caught bright glimpses of future prosperity—of a framed house, with two rooms, spacious barns, and smooth mowing—and George a rich farmer, and perhaps, when the town should be incorporated, a "selectman." Under these circumstances Mary found it very easy to feel resigned and submissive to God, and she thought it would always be easy to be so.

A few years after this, while George was making some clearings at a little distance from the house, a tree fell upon him, and after months of sickness and suffering, he walked out one sunny spring morning into his door yard for the first time,—but it was on his knees. Mary had watched over him with great fidelity and love, but with rather too much restlessness and solicitude to be consistent with her previous resolution, to be in all cases *entirely resigned* to the divine will. When she thought of the greatness and wisdom and benevolence of God, and his past kindness to herself and husband, she *knew* that all was right, but then when she thought of the farm—the vast amount of severe labor it required, and of her husband's inevitable helplessness,—and also of their utter want of any other means of support, and of the loneliness and destitution of such a home for a hopeless cripple, she could not help *feeling* that all was wrong. George himself was patient and contented; and he seemed to have no anxiety for the future. Temperament alone could not have effected this. Piety alone, ordinarily does not; but piety aided by a happy temperament seemed to have made him entirely submissive and resigned, and (of course when the bodily pain was assuaged) contented and happy.

As we have said, he came out, for the first time, one pleasant spring morning, with his crutches, upon the great flat stone which lay at his door. His little son Fergus was trying to cut wood with a heavy axe, laboriously lifting it and then letting it fall by its own weight upon the log. George looked around upon his fields and clearings and then upon his son. Fergus laid down his axe, and came running to meet his crippled parent, exclaiming,

"Why, father, are *you* coming out?"

"Yes, I am coming to look at my farm. You will have to be farmer now—it's all over with me."

"Well father," said Fergus—"when I am a little bigger. I can cut wood pretty well now."

"Yes. I see you are at work. But let me go and try. I believe I can cut wood a little myself, after all."

He slowly worked his way across the yard and struck the axe a few times into the green maple log. He gave those blows with hearty good will, as if he felt a kind of satisfaction in demonstrating to himself that his arms were safe at any rate.

He was still, however, weak from the effects of his long confinement, and he soon laid down the axe and turned 'round towards the house.

Mary sat at the window. She had been watching her husband's movements—and the whole scene brought so vividly to her view their utterly helpless condition, that she turned away in tears.

George tried to lighten her despondence. He told her she ought to put her trust in God.

"I know," said she, "I ought to trust in God,—but what *shall* we do? You cannot work any more, and we shall starve."

"Not to-day, at any rate," said George, "by the looks of your bowl of potatoes." It was a bowl of potatoes which Mary was just about putting into the ashes to roast for their dinner.

"I did not mean to-day," said Mary, a little piqued,—"but the potatoes will not last us long."

"That is true," said he, "but we will not worry ourselves about that now. The Savior says we must not borrow trouble from to-morrow, for every day has sorrow enough of its own."

Mary was a little nettled. Nobody likes to have Scripture quoted against them, especially if the quotation is such that, under the circumstances, it does not convince, and yet is so apparently applicable, as to admit of no ready reply. Mary said that she did not think that people ought to sit down quietly and let ruin come upon them without taking any measures to avoid it, under the plea of trusting in God.

Now the truth was that George was not averse to taking measures, to avert future evil; what he objected to was *anxiety*. He and Mary had been accustomed to talk every day about their future plans of life,—and they were as prudent and economical as they could be. This he considered was doing all he could do, in their present circumstances. Thus he was willing to take thought for the morrow in the sense of planning and contriving for it, but not in the sense of being anxious and unhappy about it. His temperament made this easy. But Mary was always running forward and hovering over future imaginary sorrows. *Her* temperament made this natural to her. She found in it a sort of painful pleasure, or pleasant pain, whichever expression the reader may consider least paradoxical.

Anticipating trouble is generally very superfluous suffering,—for, as every one will observe, in looking back upon his past life, the evils we look forward to, and expect, very generally do not come; and on the other hand, those which actually come are those we did not expect. At any rate it was so in this case, for George never came near to actual want. He had some mechanical talent, and his ingenuity was stimulated by his situation; so his neighbors used to bring him at first their utensils and implements to repair, paying him in labor on his land, or in the produce of their own. He sold off a large part of his own farm, reserving only a garden spot near the house, which he and Mary cultivated, and the proceeds were gradually invested in a shop and tools. As the forest around was filled up with settlers, and the farms improved, his business increased; and as he sat, day after day, at his shop window, which looked across his yard to his house, or moved slowly about his garden, little Fergus by his side, and Mary presiding over a scene of neatness and plenty within, it was thought that there was not a happier family within five miles of the Winding Pond. In fact, George used to say he believed that he had got on in the world better without his legs, than he should have done with them.

This Winding Pond was a long irregular sheet of water, winding around high wooded promontories, and into dark valleys; its shores indented with bays, and its surface spotted with picturesque islands. It was in the midst of a grand amphitheatre of mountain and forest scenery, from among which the little groups of farm buildings peeped out here and there in the openings. At the distance of a few miles the towering crags of the mountains frowned upon the whole. In the winter season—the period at which this story commences—the pond, throughout the whole of its irregular extension, was white—the forest, chiefly evergreen, were dark, and the mountain summits gray.